
Title: Journal of Grimmoch

Author: Grimmoch Drummel

Day Six:

The camp was attacked
last night by a pack of,
well, I don't have a clue.
I've never seen the likes
of these beasts anywhere.
Huge things, with fangs
the size of your
forefinger, covered in hair
and with the strangest
arched back I've ever
seen. And so many of
them. We were forced
back into the Tomb for
the night, just to keep
our hides on us. And
today Gathenwale
practically orders us all
to move the entire
exterior camp into the
Tomb. Now, I don't
disagree that we'd be well
off to use the place as
a point of fortification...
but I don't like it one
bit, in anycase. I don't
like the looks of this
place, nore the sound of
it. The way the wind gets
into the passageways,
whistling up the strangest
noises. Deep, sustained
echoes of the wind, not
so much flute-like
as...well, it sounds
ridiculous. In any case,
we've set to work moving
the bulk of the exterior
camp into the main
antechamber so there's no